

DOCTOR
Merry-man:

OR,
Nothing but Mirth.

Written by S. R. K



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Doctor Merry-man.

or, Nothing but Mirth.

A Cittizen for recreation sake,
To see the Countrey would a Journey take
Some dozen mile or very little more;
Taking his leaue of Friends two months before,
With drinking Healths, and shaking by the hand,
As he that traueled to some new found Land:
Well, taking Horse with very much adoe,
London he leaueth for a day or two;
And as he rideth, meets vpon the way
Such as (what halt focuer) bid men stay:
Sirra (sayes one) stand, and your Purse deliuer;
I am a taker, thou must be a giuer.
Vnto a Wood hard by they hale him in,
And rife him vnto his very skin.
Maisters (quoth he) pray heare me ere you goe,
For you haue rob'd more now, then you doe know:
My Horse (in troth) I borrowed of my Brother.
The Bridle and the Saddle of a nother:
The Ierkin and the Bases be a Taylors,
The Scarfe (I doe assure you) is a Saylors:
The Falling-band is likewise none of mine,
Nor Cuffes, as true as this good light doth shine:
The Sattin Doublet, and Rayz'd-veluet Hose,
Are our Church-wardens, all the Parish knowes.
The Bootes are *Iohns* the Grocor at the Swan;
The Spurs were lent me by a Seruing-man:
One of my Rings (that with the great red Stone)

Doctor Merry-man: or

In sooth I borrowed of my Gossip Ione;
Her Husband knowes not of it, Gentlemen:
Thus stands my case; I pray show fauour then.
Why (quoth the Theeues) thou needs not greatly care,
Since in thy losse, so many beares a share:
The world growes hard, many good fellowes lacke,
Looke not at this time, for a penny backe:
Goe tell at *London*, thou didst meete with foure,
That rising thee, haue rob'd at least a score.

TWo Beggars did encounter on the way,
That had not seene each other many a day:
Nor met together at the Hedge (*Bogues Hall*)
As perfect lowzy as they both could crawl:
Each had a Hatte, and Night-cap for the cold,
And Cloakes with patches full as they could hold:
Great Satchell Scrips that shut with Leather flaps,
And each a Dogge to eat his Maisters scraps.
Their Shoes were Hobnaile prooffe, soundly be pegg'd,
Wrapt well with Clouts, to keepe them warmer legg'd.
Sayes one to th'other, come, hang care, let's drinke,
Our trade is better then a number thinke;
For I, my Wife, and *Iacke*, ply vp and downe,
To make our e'ry day worth halfe a Crowne:
Most Townes in *Flanders* I haue learn'd to name,
And am a poore distressed Souldier lame:
And sometimes I their Charities desire,
Like one hath lost all that he had by fire.
Fire (quoth the other) come along mad knaue,
Let's goe where we some watring place may haue,
Where's the best Beere, to giue a man content?

I haue

Nothing but Mirth.

I haue a penny that was neuer spent,
And twenty Slaues, I Gentlemen did name,
Before I could be maister of the same :
To many an Ass I doe the *Worship* giue,
With *Lord preserve your goodnesse while you liue :*
Now Iesus prosper you by sea and land,
And blesse you Maister, all you take in hand,
God keepe your limbes, and Lord increase your store,
I eat no Bread to day, (but drinke the more,)
For Christ his sake make this same up a Penny.
Thus doe I angle Siluer out of many,
I, when I haue it for my speaking faire,
If he were hang'd that gaue it, I nere care.
The other Begger laught, and did rebly,
Roger, of that same humor right am I.
I can affoord good speach as well as thou,
And vnto any Knaue such words allow ;
I will not want that, till my tongue doe sayle :
But prethee come, let vs goe find the Ale,
I am as dry as euer was March-dust,
And heer's r Groat I meane to spend it full.
Well sayd old Tom, (sayes th'other,) if thou doe
My Groat shall goe, and my Tobacco too.
Although a Beggers credit be not great,
We will be Gentlemen in our conceit,
I think my selfe as good a man each way,
As he that goes in Veluet er'y day.
Weele spend a Crowne, and drinke carowfes round,
Before some Churles are worth ten thousand pound ;
Ther's nothing but a paire of Stockes we feare :
He bring thee to a cup of tickling geare.

A Mony-monger choyse of Suerties had,
A Country fellow plaine in Russet clad;
His Doubler Mutton-taffaty, Sheepes-skins,
His Sleeues at hand button'd with two good Pins;
Vpon his head a filthy greasie Hatte,
That had a hole eate through by some Ratte:
A Leather Pouch that with a Snap-hance shut,
Two hundred Hob-nayles in his shoes were put:
The Stockings that his clownish Legges did fit,
Were Kersie to the Calfe, and t'other knit;
And (at a word) th'apparrell that he wore,
Was not worth twelue-pence sold at, *Who giues more?*
The other Suerty of an other stufte,
His neck inuiro'nd with a double Ruffe,
Made Lawne and Cambricke; both such common ware,
His double set, had Falling-band to spare;
His fashion new, with last edition stood:
His Rapier hilts imbrew'd in Golden blood:
And these same trappings made him seeme one sound,
To passe his credit for an hundred pound;
So was accepted, Russet-coat denay'd.
But when time came the Money should be payde,
And Mounfier Vsurer did haunt him out,
Strange alterations strooke his heart in doubt:
For in the Counter he was come to dwell,
And Brokers had his painted Cloathes to sell.
The Vsurer then further vnderstands,
The Clowne (refus'd) was rich, and had good Lands;
Ready (through rage) to hang himselfe, he swore,
That filken Knaues should cozen him no more.

A wealthy

Nothing but Mirth.

A Wealthy Misers sonne, vpon a day,
Met a poore Youth, that did intreat and pray
Some thing of charity in his distresse;
Help Sir (quoth he) one that is Fatherlesse.

Sirra (said he) away, begone with speed,
Ile helpe none such; thou art a knaue indeed:
Dost thou complaine because thou wants a Father?
Were it my case, I would reioyce the rather:
For if thy Fathers death cause thee repine,
I would my Father had excused thine.

A Country fellow had a Dreame,
Which did his minde amaze,
That starting vp, he wakes his wife,
And thus to her he sayes.
Oh woman rise, and helpe your Goose,
For euen the best we haue,
Is presently at poynt to die,
Vnlesse her life you saue:
On either side of her I see
A hungry Fox doth sit,
But staying vpon curtesy,
Who shall begin first bit.
Husband (quoth she) if this be all,
I can your Dreame expound;
The perfect meaning of the same,
Instantly haue found.
The Goose betweene two Foxes plac'd,
Which in your sleepe you saw,
Is you your selfe, that prooue a Goose

Doctor Merry-man: or

In going still to Law.
No either side a Lawyer comes,
And they doe Feathers pull,
That is in the end, you will be left
A bare and naked Gull.
Wife, in good troth (quoth he) I thinke,
Thou art iust in the right;
My Purse can witnesse to my griefe,
They doe begin to bite:
I doe resolute a nother course,
And much commend thy wit;
He leaue the Gooses part for them,
That haue a minde to it:
And if thou euer finde that I
To Lawing humors fall,
Let me be hang'd at *Westminster*:
(Wife) He forsake the Hall.

A N idle fellow that would take no paine,
Looking that others should his state maintaine,
Was sharpe reprov'd by an honest friend,
Who told him, man was made to other end
Then onely eate, and sleepe, and play.
To whome the lasy creature thus did say,
Sir, I doe nere intend to labour much,
Because I see the bad reward of such
As take most paines: Horses that labour great,
Are cast in Ditches for the Dogges to eate,

A certaine

Nothing but Mirth.

A Crafty kinde of knauish Foole,
(Whereof there plenty be.)
Did breake his Maisters Looking-glasse,
And swore it was not he :
His Maister did examine him,
Demaunding who it was ?
Sir, if you will be content (quoth he)
Ile tell who broke the Glasse :
With that he brought him in the Hall,
To *Fortunes* Picture there,
Saying, Sir, t'was *Fortune* did the deed,
She ought the the blame to beare.
His Maister tooke a Cudgell,
And belabour'd him withall ;
Who crying out for mercy, downe
Before his feet did fall.
Nay (quoth his Maister) tis not I,
To *Fortune* you must speake,
For euen she that cudgels you,
The Glasse before did breake.

A Sort of Clownes for losse which they sustain'd
By Souldiers, to the Captaine sore complain'd
With dolefull words, and very wofull faces,
They mou'd him to compassionate their cases :
Good sir, (sayes one) I pray redresse our wrong,
They that haue done it, vnto you belong :
Of all that ere we had we are bereft,
Except our very Shirts, ther's nothing left.
The Captaine answer'd thus ; Fellowes heare mee,
My Souldiars rob'd you not I plainly see :
At your first speech you made me somewhat sad,
But your last words resolu'd the doubt I had :

B.

For

Doctor Merry-man : or

For they which rifled you, left Shir ts (you fay)
And I am fure, mine carry all away :
By this I know an errour you are in,
My Souldiers would haue left you but your skin.

ONe dying left three Sonnes,
Whome he aduice did giue,
Of what profefion to make choyce,
Whereby they beft might liue.

Vnto the firft he fayd,
Law will be good for thee,
I know as long as there be men,
Some wranglers ftill will bee.
The fecond he did wifh
A *Cannons* life to choofe,
For when that others weepe and mourne,
Why thou fhalt finging vfe.
And to the third he fayd,
Phificke for thee is fit,
For Earth will fmother all the faults
Phifitians doe commit.

AN old ftale Widdower, quire paff the beft,
That had nothing about him in request,
Saue onely that he carried in his Purfe;
Would haue a tender wench to be his Nurfe :
His Sight was dimme, his Teeth were rotted out :
His Hands had Palfie, and his Legges the Gout :
Yet he would wench it with a dainy Mayde;
Whofe beauties pride in all the Parifh swaide ;
And had her equall hardly to be feene,
A tender young one, much about fifteene :

This

Nothing but Mirth.

This Gallant to her did a suter goe,
With much adoe. his Legges did plague him so;
Yet with his Staffe a pretty shift he made:
So told her, *Cupid* had the villaine playde
With his poore heart, t'was wounded for her sake
And she must needes the healing plaster make,
The Mayde beheld him with a loathing eye,
And for his quicke dispatch, made quicke reply.
Kind Sir (quoth she) your sute in Loue withdraw,
You shall not thatch my new House with old Straw.

A Gentleman a curious building fram'd,
A House like those, that are from Founders nam'd,
The worke-men had inlarg'd their Art thercon,
Composing it a curious heape of Stone:
Beeing perfect finished as't ought to bee,
The Founder brought his Friend the same to see,
Demaunding how he lik'd that House of his:
Why well (quoth he,) onely one fault's amisse,
And that me thinkes disgraceth all the rest;
Your Kitchin is too little, I protest.
Oh sir (quoth he) in that you doe mistake,
A reason for the same I will you make:
Of purpose I contriu'd the Kitchin small,
To haue my House the bigger therewithall:

A Barber and a Mower did contend,
With much adoe before their strife could end;
About the Priuiledge that each did clame,
And thus the Barber did his reasons frame:
Sir, I am head of all the Trades that bee,
For Kings must sit bareheaded vnto mee,

Doctor Merry-man : or

The greatest Monarch that on earth we find,
Puts off to me : *Mower*, you come behind.
Th'other reply'd, *Barber*, in vaine you iarre,
I haue a Priuiledge exceeds you farre;
For when by me the Grasse with Sith is shorne-
Or that my Sickle cutteth downe the Corne,
Vpon the stumpe I boldly can vntruste :
What *Barber* on his worke, that dare doe thus ?

AN humorous phantasticke Ass,
Whose Wit and Wealth were spent,
Did in all companies he came,
Boast of his great discent :
And all the Gentlemen he knew,
Vnto his Blood were base ;
For he could proue from *Noes* great Flood,
His stocke of royall race,
Pray Sir (quoth one) take no more paines,
In this same worthy thing,
For it is most apparant plaine,
From what old House you spring :
You may iust prooue your Pedigree,
From *Noah* vnto this hower,
Your Ancestors good Masons were,
That wrought on *Babell* Tower,
And were I, as your Worship is,
In spight of Bricklayers Hall,
I would giue Trowell in mine Armes,
A Ladder, Tray and all.

Gentlemen that approach about my Stall,
To most rare Phisick I inuite you all :
Come neere, and harken what I haue to sell,

And

Nothing but Mirth.

And deale with me all those that are not well.
In this same Boxe, I haue such pretious stufte,
To giue it prayse, I haue not words enuffe :
If any humour in your Braines be crept,
Ile fetch it out as if your Head were swept.
Almost through *Europe* I haue showne my face :
Behold this Salue (I doe not vse to lie)
Whole Hospitals there haue been curde thereby :
I doe not stand heere like a tottar'd slaue,
My Veluet, and my Chaine of gold I haue,
Which cannot be maintained by mens lookes :
Friends, all your Towne is hardly worth my Bookes :
There stands my Coach and Horses, t'is mine owne :
From hence to *Turkie*, is my credit knowne :
In sooth I can not boast as many will,
Let nothing speake for me but onely skill.
Sec you that thing like Ginger-bread lies there,
My tongue cannot expresse to any eare
The sundry vertues that it doth containe,
Or number halfe the Wormes that it hath slaine.
If in your bellies there be Crawlers bred,
In multitudes like hayres vpon your head,
Within some howers space, or there about,
At all the holes you haue, Ile fetch them out,
And ferret them before that I haue done,
Euen like the Hare that foorth the bush doth run.
Heere is a wond'rous Water for the Eye,
This for the Stomacke : Maisters will you buy ?
When I am gone, you will repent too late,
And then (like fooles) among your selues will prate,
Oh that we had that famous man againe,
When I shall be supply'd in *France* or *Spaine* :
Now for a *Steter* you a Box shall haue,

Doctor Merry-man :

That will the liues of halfe a dozen saue,
My man is come, and in mine eare he sayes,
At home for me, at least an hundred stayes,
All Gentlemen; yet for your good (you see)
I make them tarry, and atread for mee.
If that you haue no money let me know,
Phisicke of Almes vpon you Ile bestow.
What Doctor in the world can offer more?
Such arrant Clownes I neuer saw before:
Heere you doe stand like Owles and gaze on mee,
But not a penny from you I can see.
A man shall come to doe such Dunces good,
And cannot haue his meaning vnderstood?
To talke to sencelesse people is in vaine,
Ile see you hang'd ere, Ile come heere againe:
Be all diseas'd as bad as Horses be,
And die in Ditches like to Dogges, for me:
An Old-wiues medecine; Parsly, Time, and Sage,
Will serue such Bussards in this scuruy age:
Goosegrease and Fennell, with a few Dog-dates,
Is excelent for such base lowlie mates:
Farewell, some Hempton Halter be the charme,
To stretch your necks as long as is mine Arme.

ONe came to court a Wench which was precise,
And by the Spirit, did the Flesh despise:
Mocking a secret match betwene them two;
But she in sooth and sadnesse would not doe:
He did reply, So sweet a fayre as she,
(Made of the stuffe as all faire women be.)
Ought by the law of Nature to be kinde,
And shew her selfe to beare a womans minde.

Well

Nothing but Strife.

Well Sir (quoth she) you men doe much preuaile
With cunning speeches and a pleasant tale;
Tis but a folly to be ouer-nice;
You shall; but twenty Shillings is my price,
A brace of Angels if you will bestow,
Come such a time, and I am for you; so.
Well, he tooke leaue, and with her Husband met.
Told him by bond he was to pay a debt:
Intreating him to doe so good a deed,
As lend him twenty Shillings at his need:
Which very kind he present did extend,
And th'other willing on his Wife did spend;
So taking leaue with her, he goes his wayes,
Meeting his Creditor within few dayes,
And told him, Sir, I was at home to pay
The Twenty Shillings which you lent last day,
And with your wife (because you were not there)
I left it; pray you with my boldnesse beare.
Tis well (quoth he) I'me glad I did you pleasure.
So comming home, questions his wife at leasure:
I pray (sweet heart) was such a man with thee
To pay two Angels, which he had of mee?
She blusht, and sayd; He hath been heere indeed;
But you did ill to lend: Husband take heed,
The falschood of the world you doe not spie,
It is not good to trust, before we trie:
Pray lend no more, for it may breed much strife,
To haue such Knaues come home to pay your Wife.

A Crew of Foxes all on theeuing set,
Together at a Cotte try Hen-roost met,
Where the poore Poultry went to grievous wrackes;

Fox.

Decker Merry-man: or

For there they feasted till their guts did cracke,
Having well sup'd, ready to goe away:
Without demanding what they had to pay?
Sayer one vnto the rest: Friends harken to me,
Lets poynnt where our next meeting place shall be.
With a good-will (sayes one about the rest)
At such a Farmers house, his Lambes be best
Nay (quoth a nother) I doe know a Clowne,
Hath even the fattest Geese in all the Towne,
Well Maisters (sayd a graue and auncient Fox,
Had been the death of many Hens and Coxes.)
The furest place to meet that I can tell,
Will be the Skinners shop: and so farewell.

A Shepheard that a carefull eye did keepe
Vnto the safety of his grasing Sheepe,
Perceiu'd a Woolfe thorow the hedge to pry,
Sirra (quoth hee pray what make you so nie?
Why (sayes the Woolfe) thou seest I doe no ill,
Thy flocke is farre enough vpon the Hill.
What Iustice now adayes these people lackes,
The Crowes ride boldly on thy Cattels backes,
And not a word thou sayest to them at all,
Yet but for looking on, with me dost brawll?
The Prouerb's true, for now I find it well,
Which once I heard an ancient old Woolfe tell:
Hee that vpon a bad ill name doth light,
Is euen halfe hang'd, as good be hang'd out-right.
And I my selfe by prooffe can now alledge,
Some better steale, then some looke ore the Hedge.

The

Nothing but Mirth.

THe Diuell did complaine he was not well,
And would goe take some Phisicke out of Hell:
To England, France, and Spaine, with speed he got,
Where all refus'd him, he did burne so hot.

In hast he then to *Germanie* did hie,
The cunning of a *Quack-saluer* to trie:
Where in a Market-place vpon a Stage,
He found a Fellow could all Griefes assuage.
Doctor (quoth he) I want some of thy skill,
For I doe find I am exceeding ill:
And any thing for ease I will indure;
What wilt thou vndertake my paine to cure?
If thou canst ease the *Maladie* I haue,
Thou shalt haue Gold euen what thy selfe wilt craue.
Gentleman (saide this Doctor to the Diuell)

Vpon my life Ile rid you of your euill;
Make vnto me those Griefes you haue, but knowne,
And with the curing them, let me alone.
Why Sir (quoth he) my Head with Hornes doth ake,
My Braines doth Brimstone-like *Tobacco* take,
My Eyes are full of euer-burning Fire,
My Tongue a drop of Water doth desire;
A bout my Heart doth crawling Serpents creepe,
And I can neither eat, nor drinke, nor sleepe:
There's no Diseases whatsoere they bee,
But I haue all of them impos'd on mee.

All Torments that the tongue of man can name,
Within, without, in a continuall flame.
Quoth the *Quack-saluer*, Sir, Ile vnder take
A sound man of you in a month to make:
Wilt please your worship, shew me where you dwell?
Marry (quoth he) my Chamber is in Hell:
Thy charges in the Iourney I will beare,

C,

And

Doctor Merry-man : or

And he preferre thee to the Diuell there :
With speed get vp, he take thee on my backe,
The World may spare you, and in Hell we lacke.

A Bishop met two Priestes vpon the way,
And did salute them with the time of day:
Good morrow Clerkes vnto you both (quoth he,)
Sir, (they reply'd) no Clerkes, but Priestes are we.
Why (quoth the Bishop) then I will consent
Vnto the title of your owne content :
Sith you deny to carry Scholers markes,
Good morrow to you Priestes that are no Clerkes.

One climbing of a Tree, by hap
Fell downe and brake his Arme,
And did complaine vnto a friend
Of his vnlucky harme.
Would I had counsayld you before,
(Quoth he to whome he spake)
I know a trick for Climbers, that
They neuer hurt shall take.
Neighbour (sayd he) I haue a Sonne,
And he doth vse to climbe,
Pray let me know the same for him,
Against an other time?
Why thus (quoth he) Let any man
That liues climbe nere so hie,
And make no more hast downe, then vp,
No harme can come thereby.

AN aged Gentleman sore sick did lie,
Expecting life that could not choose but die:
His Foole came to him, and intreated thus,

Good

Nothing but Mirth.

Good Maister, ere you goe away from vs,
Bestow on *Iacke* (that oft hath made you laffe)
Against he waxeth old, your Walking-staffe,
I will (quoth he) goe take it, there it is :
But on condition *Iacke*, which shall be this :
If thou doe meet with any while thou liue,
More Foole then thou, the Staffe thou shalt him giue.
Maister (sayd he) vpon my life I will,
But I doe hope that I shall keepe it still.
When death drew neere, and faintnesse did proceed,
His Maister calles for a Diuine with speed,
For to prepare him vnto Heauens way.
The Foole starts vp, and hastily doth say,
Oh Maister, maister, take your staffe againe.
That prooues your selfe the most Foole of vs twaine :
Have you liu'd now some foure-score yeares and olde,
And all this time are vnprepared for God?
What greater Foole can any meeete withall?
Then one that's ready in the graue to fall,
And is to seeke about his Soules estate,
When Death is opening the prison gate?
Beare witnesse friends that I discharge me plaine,
Heere Maister heere, receiue your Staffe againe :
Vpon the same condition I did take it,
According as you will'd me, I forsaue it:
And ouer and aboue, I will bestow
This Epitaph, which shall your folly show.
*Heere lies a man, at death did Heauens olaine,
But in his life, he neuer sought the same.*

A Simple Clowne in *Flaunders*,
As he trauiayling had binne.
Hauing his Wife in company,

Doctor Merry-man: or

Came late vnto his lane,
A *Spanish* Souldier being there,
A Guest vnto the place:
No sooner saw, but like'd his wife,
(She had a comely face)
And watch'd when they were gon to bed,
Then boldly in comes hee,
And neuer sayd, friends by your leave,
But made their number three.
The clowne lay still and felt a stirre,
Yet durst not speake for his life?
At length his patience was so moou'd
He softlylogg'd his wife,
And said to her; prethee intreat
The *Spaniard* to be still
Canst thou *Spanish* (man quoth she)
You know I haue no skill?
But Husband if y^e please to rise,
And for the Sexton goe.
Hee vnderstandeth *Spanish* well
Assuredly I know.
Fayth and Ile fetch him straight (quoth he:)
And so the Rusticke rose,
And softly sneaking out of doores,
About his message goes.
Meane time imagine what you will,
To mee it is vnknowne:
But ere her Husband came againe,
The *Spaniard* he was gone.
Which when the simple foole perceiud,
Hesell to domineere:
Oh wife, (said he for twentie pound)
I would I had him heere.

Tell

Nothing but Mirth.

Tell me (sweet heart, when I was gone)
How long the Knaue did stay?
(Quoth she) you scarfe were out of doores,
Before he ran away.
Wife (quoth the Clowne) thou mad'st me laugh,
That I did feare him thus :
Come let vs take a little nap,
For his distrbing vs.
You see what comes of pollicie,
And good discretion (wife,)
If I had beene a hastie Foole,
It might haue cost my life.

I Am a professed Curtizan,
That liue by peoples sinne :
With halfe a dozen Funcks, I keepe,
I haue good commings in :
Such store of Traders haunt my house,
To find a lusty Wench,
Thattwenty Gallants in a weeke,
Doe entertaine the *French*.
Your Courtier and your Cittizen,
Your very rusticke Clowne,
Will spend an Angell on the Poxe,
Euen ready money downe.
I striue to liue most Lady-like,
And scorne those foolish Queanes,
That doe not rattle in their Silkes,
And yet haue able meanes.
I haue my Coach, as if I were
A Countesse, I protest,
I haue my dainty Muscles playes,
When I would take my rest,

Doffor Merry-man : or

I haue my seruing men to waite
Vpon me in Blew-coates :
I haue my Oares that attend
My pleasure with their Boates :
I haue my Champions that will fight,
My Louers that doe fawne :
I haue my Hatte, my Hood, my Maske,
My Fanne, my Cobweb Lawne.
To giue my Gloues vnto a Gull,
Is mighty fauour found,
When for the wearing of the same,
It costes them twenty pound.
My Garter is a gracious thing,
Another takes away,
And for the same, a silken Gowne
The Prodigall doth pay.
Then comes an Ass, and he forsooth,
Is in such longing heate,
My Busk-poynt euen on his knees,
With teares he doth intreat,
I graunt it to reioyce the man,
And then request a thing,
Which is both Gold, and Precious Stone,
The Woodcocks Diamond ring.
Another lowly minded Youth,
Forsooth my Shoe-string craves,
And that he putteth through his eare,
Calling the rest, base slauers.
Thus sit I Fooles in humors still,
That come to me for game :
I punish them for *Venerie*,
Leauing their Purfes lame,
In New-gate some take lodging vp.

Nothing but Mirab.

Till they to *Tiburne* ride ;
And others walke to *Wood-street*, with
A Sergeant by his side.
Some goe to *Hounds-ditch* with their *Cloathes*,
To pawne for money lending.
And some I send to *Surgens* shops,
Because they lacke some mending.
Others passe ragged vp and downe,
All totter'd, rent, and torne ;
But being in that scurvie case,
Their companies I scorne :
For if they come and fawne on me,
There's nothing to be got ;
As soone as ere my Marchants breake,
I sweare I know them not.
No entertainment, nor a looke,
That they shall get of me ;
If once I doe begin perceiving,
That out of *Cash* they bee :
All kindnesse that I professe,
The fayrest shewes I make,
Is loue of all that comes to me,
For *Gold* and *Siluers* sake.
To forward men I forward am,
Most franke vnto the free,
But such as take their *Wares* on trust,
Are not to deale with mee.
The world is hard, all things are deare,
Good-fellowship decayes :
And euery one seekes profit now,
In these same hungry dayes :
Although my trade in secret be,
Vnlawfull to be knowne,

Dall for Merry-man: or

Yet will I make the best I can,
Of that which is mine owne:
For seeing I doe venter faire,
At price of whipping cheare,
I haue no reason but to make
My Customers pay deare:
Our charge beside, is very great,
To keepe vs fine and braue?
A Whore that goes not gallantly,
Shall little doings haue:
Therefore all things consider'd well,
Our charges and our danger,
A dayly Friend shall pay as much,
As any Tearme-time Stranger.

A Rich man and a Poore did both appeare
Before a Iudge, an iniurie to cleare;
The Rich did tell a tale most tedious long,
Mending (as he suppos'd) with words the wrong,
And euer when the poore man would haue spoke,
With bold out-facing speech he did him choake:
The wofull wight at length could beare no longer,
But boldly rais'd his voyce both laude and stronger:
My Lord (quoth he) pray now bid *Dinner* stay:
And heare but what poore *Lazarus* can say,
My Oxe came in his Field, which he doth keepe,
And swares for that hee'll pay me with a Sheepe.

FINIS.

6:00:62

